

Herald's

Baseball, Prize Fighting,
Golf, Bowling, Shooting,
and all Sorts of Sport

Sporting

No Matter What It Is, Or Where
It Happens, If It's Sport the
Herald Gives You the Details

Page

Ad Tells Why He Won't
Box For Small PursesLightweight, Champion Declares Every Time He Goes
After Short Coin He Is Injured—Claims He Only
Weighed 125 Pounds When He Fought Rivers.

AD WOLGAST, the busy lightweight champion, in answering the promoters, who alleged he is a "wolf for the coin," advances one funny reason in defense of his stand for big guarantees. It is this. That every time he fights for less than \$10,000 he gets hurt. Can you beat that? A fighter wanting big money to keep from leaving the ring without an injury. Wolgast is sincere in his conversation along this line, too, being a superstitious little champion. He professes to bear out his contention. Here are some of the injuries he has suffered when fighting "cheap," as he calls it:

Loss of one tooth, sustained in one of his first fights in a small Michigan arena. Remuneration, \$25.00.

Broken nose, sustained in a ten-round battle. Remuneration, \$20.

A broken eye, sustained in a ten-round fight with Jack Redmond at Milwaukee. Remuneration, \$4000.

A fracture of the same arm in the same place, sustained in a ten-round fight with Tommy McFarland at Fort Du Lac. Remuneration, \$1350.

Two black eyes and a cut lip which necessitated two stitches, sustained in his recent four-round fight with Willie Ritchie at San Francisco. Remuneration, \$2500.

"And to think," remarked Ad, after

he had looked over these figures, "that I got \$21,000 for knocking out Joe Rivers in thirteen rounds, made \$17,000 betting on myself, and left the ring without a mark. Doesn't that prove my claim?"

We were forced to admit that his argument seemed sound.

Wolgast is not a bit backward in admitting that he was far from right in his fight with Rivers at Los Angeles, July 4, though he steadfastly insists that it was a clean, winning struggle for him and that he would have won inside of two rounds on a knockout, had the fight gone any further.

"Do you know that I only weighed 125 pounds when I got in the ring with Rivers, and that Joe, 'Little Joe,' as Tom McCarry calls him, scaled every ounce of 122?"

"I only trained hard three days for Rivers. I could not stand the grind so soon after my operation. If I did road work in the morning I was too fatigued to box in the afternoon. On the Sunday before the fight I boxed fifteen rounds and every muscle was sore the next day."

"I am convinced now that the effects of the operation will not wear off sufficiently to permit me to take a chance in a long fight until December or January. But ten rounds I'm ready for McFarland or anybody else over the route any time. The sooner the better. And I'll be as good or better than ever next year."

The Finale For Ed Mayer

Little Stories About Baseball

By W. A. Phelon

MANY oldtime fans," says Judge Murphy, the racing judge, who under a different name, and in the long ago, was a great pitcher, "have often wondered how, when, and why Ed Mayer left the game. Ed Mayer, one of the youngsters who burst into the fast company during the Brotherhood disturbance of 1890, was one of the most sensational figures of the year. He was a third baseman, and a wonder. There were few of the 1890 crop who had anything upon this Mayer, either as a batter or an infielder. A line hitter, a heavy man on bases, and an artist at covering third, he seemed to have a great career before him. And after playing a few games during the following season, this fine young player vanished from the baseball map. He dropped out of sight as if he had been jelled for life. For years the magnates wondered what had become of him, and, to this day, the oldtime fans, ask, now and then, what took him from the scene."

"Mayer's passing was an incident which goes to show the strange nature of this old game, and the curious manner in which impossible things occur. After a most successful season with Philadelphia, Mayer developed some trouble in his arm, and took a layoff. By the time his arm was fully right, the season of 1891 was near a finish, and Mayer decided to make his vacation last till the spring of 1892."

"Before going back to the fast company, Mayer decided to try himself out by a few games with lighter clubs, just to get himself upon his proper stride. Accordingly, he agreed to play third base for a team in the Chicago City league, a powerful organization, from which graduated such men as Herman Long, Charlie Gettsell, Bugs Raymond, Chick Franer, Jack Powell and a host of others. Naturally, these clubs were glad to have Mayer on their roster, and the news that he would open the season in Chicago drew a big crowd to the initial game."

"Mayer seemed better than ever in the preliminary practice, and the way he snapped them up round third was something marvelous. Presently, as is the rule with most clubs, one fellow began batting to the infield, while another swapped long flies to the outfielders. The infield batsmen sent a liner over third. Mayer ganged it, leaped high, and came down with the ball. At identical the same minute, the fellow who was batting to the outfield hit one that went lower than he had intended, and traveled like a bullet. As Mayer, his mind wholly intent on the high one he was catching, came down to earth, the second ball smashed into his body with an impact that was heard all through the stands. Mayer fell in a heap, and was so badly hurt that he had to give up the game for several months to come. When he finally recovered he found that his love for the game had gone—all his baseball ambition had been knocked out of him by that fearful blow. He never even tried to play the game again."

"Mayer's injury will seem strange indeed when you reflect on the size of a ballfield, the comparatively small dimensions of a man's body, the small diameter of a ball, and the fact that there were two balls in use for practice. What would be the mathematical chances of a ball, hit by two different men, arriving at the same instant, and both striking the same man? Figure it out, and you can see that Mayer's misfortune was a freak of baseball, such as might not happen again in 20 years. Yet it actually did happen, and that's how the fast company lost one of its best young players."

SCOOP
THE GUY REPORTER

It's the Right Team, Scoop--But the Wrong Uniform

El Paso's Black Hope Will Give
Gay Paree A Few Spasms of DelightHarry Wills, Big and Sprightly, Is In Line to Whip Johnson, but Seeks
McVey First.

By NORMAN M. WALKER.

There is a black man coming with a bundle for the gay Paree people. He is El Paso's own little black brother, Harry Wills. Wills has been training over a boogie bazaar on Oregon street during the heated spell and now that he is fit and fine he will sail from New Orleans about the time the warm weather breaks, and will go to Paris, which is in France. Once there, he is expected to show the more or less crowd of champions in the ring, and to do so he will go to New Orleans, where he will be in the line to whip Johnson, but seeks McVey first.

Accompanying Wills will be one David Mills, who fought a good fight in Juarez during the reign of Orozco III, and lost to a white man who failed to fight fair only after he, the negro, had smashed his thumb on the blonde boy's head. Wills and Mills (sounds like a vaudeville pair) will give and take according to the rules laid down by the late Marquis of Queensberry for the entertainment of the Parisian fight crowds, and for the enrichment of their own bank account by several thousand francs. The two coffee coolers will leave here some time this week, go to New Orleans, which is in Wills' own black belt, and will give exhibitions on both sides of the river before sailing on the British liner, bound for France, with a cargo of cotton and dingies.

In the Coming Fight Boy. Wills and Mills, or vice versa, work out each afternoon, weather and thermometer not interfering. In the South Oregon street club rooms. To see this Wills person in action is to see the coming champion of heavyweights, according to his trainer, who is not far wrong in his initial tout of the black boy. Wills has everything—speed, footwork, a keen, well-balanced head, a fine amount of natural science, which is being developed rapidly under skillful and expert handling. It is the physical man that attracts attention to this chocolate colored Ethiopian. He is physically perfect. Stands six feet two and a quarter inches, with a reach of 84 and a fraction inches, weighs 175 plus, and is a clean, well-balanced, and a charming fellow. Wills has everything needed by an ambitious boy who would be king of the pugilistic world. He is a natural, an early bird, and this Louisiana negro will be heard from before he is another year older than 22, his present age.

Sam McVey is Wills' special quest in France. Sam is a negro who lives on the Rue something or other over there and who fights all comers before the French athletic club. What Wills will do to McVey will take an hour to tell. He has an assorted variety of wicked punches which he can carry him to the firing line every minute of the time.

Wills, who fights at 190, will go along as sparring partner. He is a member of the Johnson champion camp several seasons and has the benefit of the clever black's ability as a boxer. He will take on some of the lesser lights in France and will train and condition Wills in the meantime.

Herick Would Fight. Fighting is his daily task and the fight game is no good around here since governor McNeel clamped the lid on the Bohemia nights much beyond the smelter. Herick has a like-looking brother here who is also

itching for a scrap, but does not care to confine it to the Herick family. Jack and his brother journeyed up Cloutier way Sunday to view the beauties of nature and pronounced the El Paso resort the place for a punch, which, in the language of the fight game, is the official stamp of approval. Herick will stay here a few days and if nothing develops in his special line he will go to New Orleans, where fights are held weekly for the 16 and 20 distances.

Another Knock Set Aside. When one G. Washington died it was warbled from the roof trees that there would, may could not be another president. George had made that impossible by his perfection. Yet the country has been having presidents regularly ever since and some pretty good ones.

The Cactus League deflected for want of funds and because of an abundance of cheap and inferior baseball. Such is the stability of that whole-some game that it will bob up under conditions which are most adverse and produce good ball and better players. The present city league success is due largely to the support given it by the men who are backing the teams to win, plus the assistance Art Woods, the president of the league, is giving, and the support of the local fanhood. The season will continue until November, with the teams playing better ball all the time.

The Cruces Scrap. Two lightweights are preparing to go against each other up Las Cruces way Thursday night. They are "Young Jeffries" and "Kid Ketchell." As Ketchell, the original, is dead, and the first of the Jeffries line of fighters is as dead, practically speaking, the handles these two boys have assumed does not promise any too much for the support given by the Mesilla valley country. They will be limited by the governor, who has declared himself against any more finish fights and says he will arrest the "lighter" who exceeds the speed limit, and as such will make good in his intention.

No Fight Unless New Is Passed. Speaking of New Mexico's new governor, he has put it squarely up to the people that they want prize fighting in the new state, they will have to demand it at the next session of the legislature, and he will refuse to be a sponsor for any more such fakes as the recent unalloyed butting match between Richardson and a fireman from up Pueblo whose name was Flynn, and who was lost to fame on the 20th day of the East. It was directly due to this fake fight that the one across the river was not permitted by the governor. The Herick fight, which was to have been staged Saturday, would have been a good go with the odds all for Herick, and it would have been clean from end to end. But the governor got tangled up in that Las Vegas fiasco and does not intend to take any more chances, at least not until the legislature has legalized the game.

Watch the Bean Eaters Climb. Beans as a brain food for ball play-

ers has its merits and demerits, as witness the roof and cellar positions of the Boston teams in the American and National leagues. The Boston Americans are leading their league and look to finish strong. The National club from the Back Bay district is in the cellar division and has little chance of getting out before the world series.

Good Despite Unpopularity. Knocked, a victim of hard luck and appendicitis, Ad Wolgast stands at the top of the lightweight division of the fighters. There was many a fan who hoped that the Mexican Rivers would whip Wolgast on the fourth. He has never been entirely popular. He did not catch on even when first proclaimed champion over poor little Bunting Nelson. In Los Angeles the Rivers boy has two friends, to Wolgast's none. He is matched with Willie Ritchie, who has made good showing against him in the past. But the truth remains that Wolgast is the best in his class and he will lick Ritchie if his old internal trouble does not come back.

Send Them In. This is the open season for doves in New Mexico, and amateur baseball teams in El Paso. Send in your results to The El Paso Herald and read it in the big paper.

JOE MANDOT GOES
TO PACIFIC COASTLightweight Fighter Will
Pass Through El Paso
This Week.

Joe Mandot, the New Orleans lightweight, will pass through El Paso this week en route to the Pacific coast, where he tackles Joe Rivers on Labor Day at Los Angeles.

In Memphis, just before starting coastward, he boxed two boys four rounds each. Leo Borg, a cross between a feather and a lightweight, was Mandot's first opponent, and Bobby Robideau, a St. Louis featherweight, went the last four rounds.

Mandot, though a trifle heavy and slow from a month's illness, toyed with his tiny opponents the entire distance. The little fellows offered the best they had in spurs, but Mandot would hold them off with his left and tease them with his right.

The New Orleans fighter left Memphis last Thursday night for Los Angeles, and will arrive in the city on Saturday. He is accompanied by his manager, Harry Coleman, and his cousin, Billy Bronson.

Mandot is elated over the healing of his little finger, which he accidentally chopped a piece off while fooling with a patent cigar cutter Monday night. Physicians no longer entered fear of blood poisoning. Efforts of Mandot to obtain the services of "Ho-bo" Dougherty, Wolgast's old sparring partner, are likely to end in Mandot's getting this valuable human punching bag for his match with Rivers, according to Coleman, his manager.

Final agreement as to Mandot's and the purse will be made when the New Orleans fighter reaches Los Angeles.

PIP CARSON HEARD FROM. STOPS OVER TO SEE ANDERSON. "Pip" Carson has been heard from. "Chief" Campbell, who is chalking up the score boards in his absence, received a letter from him, saying that he had arrived safely in Texas, and was stopping over to see Wingo Anderson, pitcher for Longview, Texas, in the South Central league. Anderson pitched for El Paso two years ago in the Cactus league and is popular here.

Facts and Fancies For Fans

EVERY member of the Indianapolis team of the American association has a detective following him night and day, as a result of a recent order from Sol Meyer, the new owner of the club. On this account O'Leary, the former Detroit infielder, has resigned the management of the team, and Charley O'Day, of Springfield, has been appointed in his place. O'Leary declined to be a party to the innovation, but Meyer insisted upon having his own way. The detectives are especially ordered to report any player who remains out of bed after the usual training hours, or who indulges in any great extent in "the amber fluid."

Meyer has had to get a few new players, some of the regular men absolutely refusing the play under the new conditions.

There is a story afloat in American association circles to the effect that Ty Cobb is looking over the Indianapolis club with an eye to becoming a part owner at least in the Indiana franchise. The Georgian knows that he will start slipping after a time and wants to keep in baseball. It is the Cobb wish, according to the report, that he might acquire at least a half interest in the Hoosiers, so that when he comes through as a major league he might retire from the playing field and become a magnate.

Charles Carr, a manager of the other man in the deal. Carr is said to have interested Yawkey, the Detroit capitalist, in his behalf and it will not be strange, they say, to see the Indianapolis club pass over to Cobb and Carr some of these days.

Larry Doyle celebrated his 26th birthday with two hits and a pair of steals. He also fiddled some bad bouncers with neatness and despatch.

Manager McGraw has a letter from Charley Faust, who is back on the farm at Marion, Kan. Somebody told Faust to go home and make the club send for him, as Hub Perdue did with the Boston club. Charley went home 10 days ago and now writes McGraw to inquire why the summons has not been sent. Perdue, by the way, has again quit the Boston club.

The Chattanooga club has bought outfielder White of the Toxstown club in the Central league. The club turned the veteran outfielder, George Jackson, a few days ago, back to the Philadelphia Nationals.

The Detroit club announces the purchase of third baseman McDermott of the Providence club in the International league. He reports at once.

Jack Lellvelt, once a star on the Washington team, probably will be signed by the Yanks, along with Tommy McMillan. Jack is slow, but useful.

Claude Hendrix, of the Pirates, is out to capture the strikeout record for the National league. He has a good chance to accomplish his purpose. He has fanned 112 men in 22 games.

Matt McGrath, of the New York A. C. and a member of the Olympics games, established a new record at Dublin, Ireland, for throwing the 56 pound weight from a nine foot circle, 41 feet 7 1/2 inches.

President Farrell, of the New York American league team, has sold pitcher Jack Quinn to the Chicago club of the International league. Quinn, who is a spitball pitcher, has been with the Highlanders since the spring of 1909.

Another collegian has been added to

Connie Mack's aggregation. Connie is strong for the college lads. The latest find is Peter Higler, a catcher, from Juniata college.

Connie Mack, manager of the Philadelphia Athletics, in a letter to Philadelphia friends, said that unless the Athletics win 12 out of 16 games they will be out of the American league pennant race. "I will not give up hope until the last ray has disappeared," he continued. "The general run of American league teams this year is twice, if not three times, as strong as last year, and while this alone has not kept the Athletics from the lead, it is one of the principal causes."

The Dubuque, Ia., club has disposed of two players, the Yanks buying both. Del Padlock, whom Jimmy Callahan turned loose last spring, brought manager Rowland \$2,500.

The rich Ohio stakes of \$5000, the classic of the North Randall track, Cleveland, was won by Baden, black son of Bingari, in three straight heats. The Jersey City horse was driven by Rodney. While he easily defeated his field, the best time he showed, 2:07 1/4, did not approach the mark for classic. It is said more than \$10,000 was bet on the race.

In the elapsed time of 104 hours 29 minutes and 5 seconds the yacht Dream raced from Philadelphia to Hamilton, Bermuda. The run covered 719 nautical miles. The Dream had a rough trip. The race was for a challenge cup and cash prize.

The case against Jack Johnson, in which he is charged with smuggling a diamond necklace into this country, will be heard in Chicago on Aug. 19 by United States commissioner Foote. The heavyweight champion, when he appeared for a preliminary hearing, said he was happier than he had been for some time. "I'm glad I've quit the fighting game," he said. "Now I can eat, drink and be merry. There are no restrictions on my conduct now and I'm going to enjoy life."

Fred Nelson, who promised to set the baseball world aflame when he first joined the St. Louis Browns, has been given his unconditional release by manager Stovall. He was turned over to the Sioux City club a short time ago, but was sent back. As no body seemed to want him, Stovall made him a free agent. Red has had knee, but says his arm is all right.

Clark Griffith, manager of the Washington, D. C. team, declares he will work Walter Johnson every other day against the Giants in the world's series if the Nationals win the pennant.

Frank Dillon, manager of the Los Angeles club, is in St. Louis for the purpose of arranging a few deals with the Browns and outfielder Jack Lellvelt will go to the Brooklyn Yankees. The deal has been pending for some time but Lellvelt was holding out for a pitcher. He wanted George McConnell, but may be satisfied with Quinn.

The fact that Jack Quinn has been turned over to the Rochester club lends color to the report that shortstop McMillan and outfielder Jack Lellvelt will go to the Brooklyn Yankees. The deal has been pending for some time but Lellvelt was holding out for a pitcher. He wanted George McConnell, but may be satisfied with Quinn.

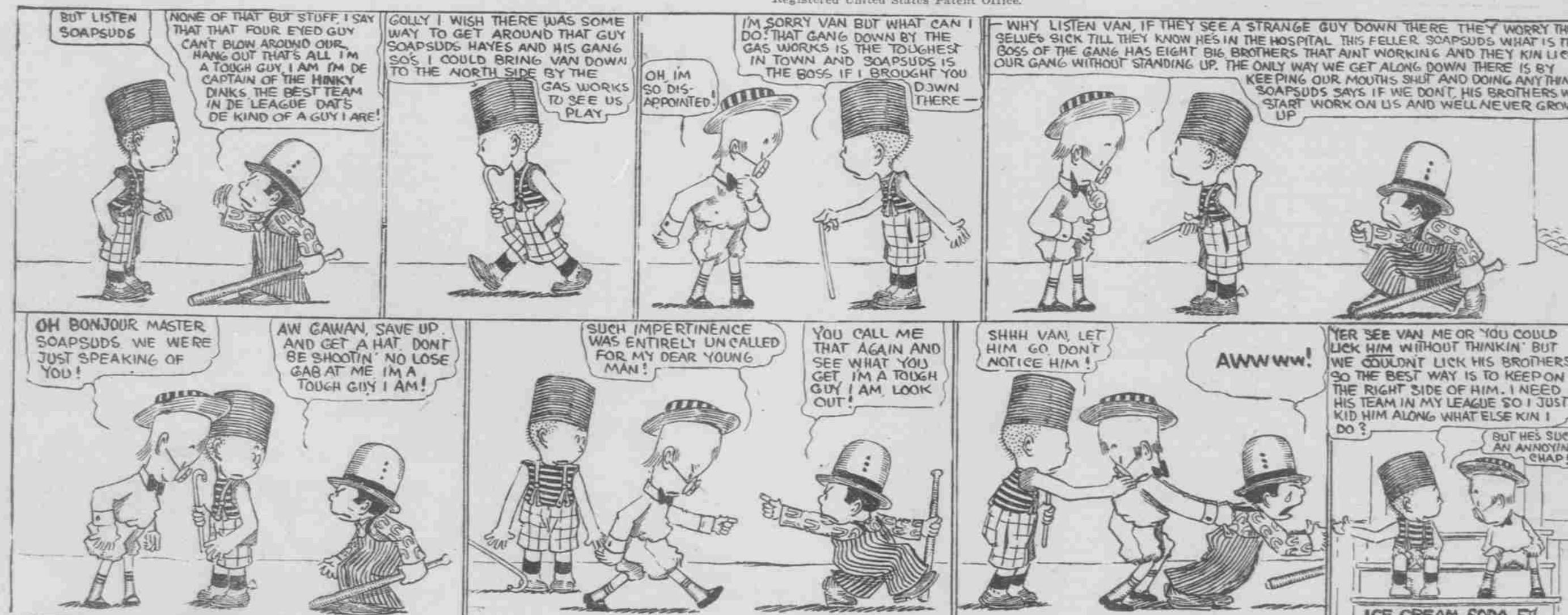
Another collegian has been added to

ADDITIONAL SPORT
ON NEXT PAGE

Us Boys

You Never Can Tell What Will Happen

Registered United States Patent Office.

TO-DAY'S
PROGRAMMEHOME GROUNDS
HINKY DINKS
VS
OLEANDERSON THE NORTH
SIDE, DOWN BY
THE GAS WORKS
WHANGDINGERS
VS
STARFISH GIANTS

SOCIETY NOTE
H.H.H. C. VAN VALENTINE,
COMMONLY CALLED VAN
WAS AROUND YESTERDAY
AND ENTERTAINED THE
GANG AT ICE CREAM
IN JOE'S. A VERY ENJOY-
ABLE AFFAIR IT WAS.
AMONG THOSE PRESENT
WAS SHRIMP FLYNN WHO
NEVER SHOWS MORE
BRILLIANTLY AT ANY
OCCASION.

Tom McNamara